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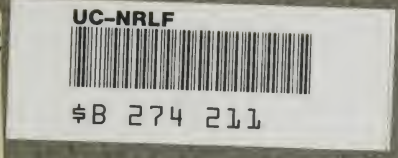

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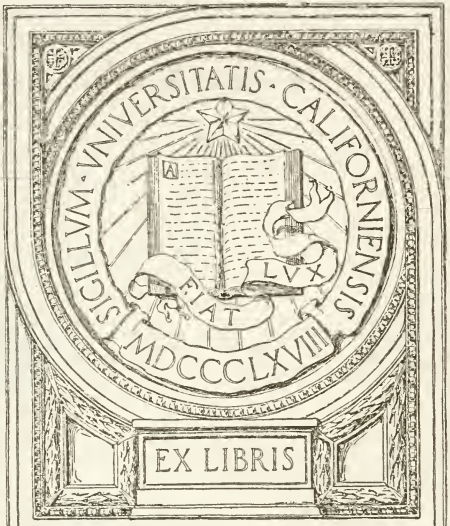

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THROUGH
the
GOLDEN GATE

Compiled and Written
by
F. M. LEHMAN

UNIV. OF CALIFORNIA

HIS SUN SET AT EIGHT

Lehman Brothers Publishers
Post Office Lock Box 335
Pasadena, California

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All the proceeds from the sale of this book will be used exclusively for the Missionary Cause

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THE GOLDEN GATE AT SUNSET

INTRODUCTION

It gives me pleasure to introduce the subject of this sketch. In the providence of God I was twice entertained in the home of his parents, as I held revival services in Sioux City, Iowa. Although at that time he did not claim to be a Christian, yet he was so very dutiful and obedient to his parents—marks which are so much wanting in the lives of so many boys these days.

One thing that has lingered with me since my first acquaintance with Brenton is this: although he was a real boy, and enjoyed a romp and fun like other boys, yet he would never intrude himself on my time. The very moment of any indication that I was through having fun with him, that moment he would cease, and never hint that he wanted more, till he could see me advance in that direction. This was so uncommon with the general run of children that it made a lasting impression upon my mind.

I am now holding revival meetings (May 1920) for the third time with his father. Since I saw Brenton last he has been converted and sanctified, and has slipped away to be with Jesus forever. The home does not seem the same without him. While the home is poorer, heaven is richer.

I went out to the silent grave, in company with his father. What a beautiful place nature has provided on that lovely hillside overlooking the Golden Gate! It is one of the beauty spots of earth. Around the grave on the greensward we knelt and asked the Lord to help us to hold out faithful to the end.

Some glad day, when Jesus appears in the clouds, Brenton's body will arise from the dust and together with loved ones all shall be for ever with their Lord. Let us all so live that we may be ready to meet him on that bright morning.

W. E. SHEPARD.

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CONTENTS

Page

INTRODUCTION - - - - - - - - 9

CHAPTER I

A BIT OF SUNSHINE - - - - - - - 11

CHAPTER II

THROUGH THE GATE - - - - - - - 16

CHAPTER III

THE EMPTY CHAIR - - - - - - - 24

CHAPTER IV

GONE—IN HIS "LITTLE SHIP" - - - - 29

CHAPTER V

OUR SUNSET VIEW - - - - - - - 34

CHAPTER VI

"WHEN THE BELL RINGS" - - - - - 41

CHAPTER VII

THAT WONDERFUL MORNING - - - - 44

ILLUSTRATIONS

Page

THE GOLDEN GATE AT SUNSET - - - - 6

BRENTON SAMUEL LEHMAN - - - - 22

COMPANIONS TWO - - - - - - - 36

IN THE HARBOR - - - - - - - 52

CHAPTER I

A BIT OF SUNSHINE

It was a gloomy day in January. In a small room, meagerly furnished, but immaculately clean, sat the physician with his hastily summoned village attendants. The husband, nervous yet prayerful, paced the floor. He went from one window to the other, looked out, but saw nothing—except the loved one now approaching the valley of death. For her he prayed as he walked and waited.

The telephone rang in quick questionings, but always the answer was, "No, not yet!" The women watchers had everything prepared, the tea-kettle singing, the swaddling laid in handy order, soaps and salves within easy reach. All was quiet, all was still—except the ticking of the mantel clock. In the distance could be heard the whistle and roar of a passenger train, and—the muffled moan of agony in the blind-drawn chamber.

Suddenly a cry—a baby's cry—rang through the house, and the crisis had passed. Wan and weak and utterly exhausted the little mother lay back on her pillows—the picture of helplessness and verging death. Her companion, his

face as white as her own, kissed the pale cheek and fondly brushed the luxuriant hair back from the pallid brow, thankful that God had kept her from slipping into the Great Beyond.

We leave the bed-chamber now and turn our attention to the new arrival. See; the tiny bit of humanity lies lustily crying while deft fingers fuss and fix about it swaddling of the softest down. Love and forethought had left nothing wanting. Soon the little one lay cuddled in pillows with profusion of frills and love-fuss things ever utterly bewildering to mere man.

Outside, the skies were leaden, but into the parsonage had crept a bit of sunshine so glorious, so lovely, so enchanting that we feel to withdraw, lest we intrude. Like two birds nesting in a bough so these two must be left alone to enjoy what has come into their life. Sacred, holy relationship, this, where one is bound to the other and the two with the baby to make a family.

In the midst of this suspense and sudden relief we have the ludicrous. The husband is asked (O, artful women!) to "hold the baby a bit." See, now, the utter helplessness of poor man. He comes as a sheep led to the slaughter. There he sits, arms awkwardly extended, face crimsoning like a schoolgirl's, "holding" the tiny bit of heaven as though it might melt and run through his arms or explode, he does not know which. What a delectable bit of talk these women must have had when out of ear-shot and what shouts of laughter fell when trying to describe the "pastor's" pose "holding that baby." For their blessed love-

service in the hour of need these ministering midwives may be pardoned for the pleasantry.

Hoping against hope that the women would not observe his uncomfortable situation, the fond father looked upon the little red face in his arms, the tiny, pudgy fingers—and then a great, unnameable love surged through his heart. Now let the whole world laugh! He has conquered; it is his baby, so why feel out of place?

We smile at the tableau in the parsonage kitchen and remember when our own arms held a precious bundle; when the women laughed in their sleeve at our predicament; and, when we found ourselves and suddenly felt that we could face anything in order that "baby" might have love and protection. After this, home had to us a sweeter and holier meaning.

Home! Keep the destructionist, the despoiler, the Bolshevist from crossing the sacred threshold of home. God-instituted, blest by heaven's smiles, graced by woman's loveliness and strengthened by man's unswerving fidelity, who shall mar this masterpiece painted by Hand Divine? Who shall break in upon the circle around the singing tea-kettle? Who would bring discord into the song crooned over a baby? Who would dissolve the wedding bands to let lust run riot? Who would let the serpent of sensuality creep in to desecrate this Eden? God! may wedlock never be ravished! May home never be despoiled. Home means love, life, and happiness. Home means husband, wife, children, family altar—this is home. May it ever indeed be "Home, Sweet Home!"

But we must come back to the baby in the parsonage. We must know more about it. Its name is—O, ah!—why, yes, of course—we must see what its name is to be. Let us see. Its mother's name is Maud, so of course, she being a woman, it should have a pretty name. Let us try hard and perhaps—O, there goes that telephone again! "Yes, yes, it's a boy! Yes, a boy!"

We were interrupted by the telephone, but now we will get down to business. The father's name is Samuel. That is a very pretty name—a Bible name, too. But "father" objects—(did you ever see a man who did not think that they should have given him a prettier name?).

As the lists of names are quoted for choice one seems to strike general favor. "Brenton"—well, yes—that *is* a pretty name. How would Brenton Samuel do? A sly glance at the fond father discovers that a compromise may be effected. So, Brenton Samuel Lehman is the big name the little baby bears. Thank God, *that* task is at last accomplished. The baby is named.

The doctor has gone to his other patients, the good women have returned to their own firesides, and life in the parsonage assumes its every-day regularity. Sermons must be prepared and studied, the flock must be visited and shepherded and the church work attended to—in spite of the new-comer. Gradually the little mother grows stronger and little by little takes up her household duties, duties now multiplied since the coming of the baby. To be sure, he must have the very best of care.

The father often leaves his books to look down at the

wee little bundle in the crib. A tickle under the chin causes baby grins, coos, and later, gurgles of delight. Often the two lean over the precious form, like two birds hovering over their nest, each planning what his future shall be. The husband "holds the baby" now with less school-girl timidity—even with a fatherly familiarity and confidence —and the parsonage is the happiest place in town.

Like other babies, this one grew into young boyhood. The time came when he cut his first tooth—a bit of village news indeed. To telephone this to anxious friends was worth a year's toll. Letters were dispatched telling of the great and glad event. Rubber rings and rubber dolls—anything to coax out more of the ivory beauties—were purchased, until the incident of a new tooth lost interest in weightier things.

From petticoats and pinafores to knickerbockers was another event of unusual importance. Like all other boys when drest in "knee-pants," the world was his. Of course everybody on the street noticed what a "big boy" he had grown to be. Although in our day no such "animals" as knickerbockers existed, with no less pride did we strut in our new copper-toed boots and home-made jeans. These proud epochs come in an American boy's life as surely as the mumps and the measles.

CHAPTER II

THROUGH THE GATE

HAVING IN THE opening chapter introduced our little friend we must now turn from a scene of the sweetest earthly joy to one of the saddest heart can know. This chapter, entitled: "Through the Gate," takes the precious eight-year-old from the activities of life into the Land of the Far Away.

From sunshine and singing we come so soon in life to crape and the hollow drum of clods on coffin lid. Death, grim, gruesome, merciless, snatched away their dearest on Hope's rosy morning. Only eight brief years and he must away to that Other Land, while the loved ones are left to weep and to wait a while in the Land of Shadow.

His Obituary.

BRENTON SAMUEL LEHMAN was born at New London, Indiana, on Saturday, January 7, 1911. He died at Berkeley, California, on Wednesday morning at 1:30 o'clock, November 26, 1919. Age, 8 years, 10 months and

19 days. He was buried in Sunset View Cemetery, Berkeley, California.

When less than one year old his parents moved from New London, Indiana, to Botna, Iowa, where his father was pastor for three years. His parents then moved to Sioux City, Iowa, which pastorate they held for nearly five years. On may last (1919) his father accepted a call to a pastorate at Berkeley, California.

The reason for this change to the Southland was that the family health had been much impaired from the influenza while in Sioux City, Iowa. It was thought that much benefit would be realized by coming to a warmer climate. The deceased had very noticeably gained in health until just one week before his death. His illness was of short duration; just one short week. The cause of his death was acute ulceration of the bowels.

Through all his intense suffering he never complained. He was always of a cheerful disposition. His school teacher, Miss Delmar, was told that he was sick, and she made the remark to another teacher that Brenton was ill. This teacher said:

"Is it the boy who always smiles?"

On Sunday morning, three days before his death, wife and I were praying with him. When we had finished he was asked:

"Brenton, how do you feel?"

His reply was: "Praise God, I never felt better in my life!"

In the afternoon we called in three earnest Christians to

pray for his healing, for he had grown steadily worse. At the conclusion of the season of prayer he put his arms around my neck, and whispered:

"Daddy, it's blessed to know!"

To his parents these are comforting words in this dark hour. On Saturday evening just before retiring he picked up in his arms his little sister, Beryl, a little over two years old, caressed her and loved her so tenderly.

A few days before taken sick he made the remark to his parents that one of the pupils at school had been crying on account of hard lessons. He had been told that he must never make fun of any one having difficulty in this direction. The next day he told his mother that he had given the troubled little one some of his marbles. We can truthfully say that he was kind, affectionate, unselfish and ever thoughtful of others.

One Sunday evening at Berkeley, California, after his father had preached, and was giving the altar-call, he came forward of his own accord. He prayed earnestly that God would save him. After some time in prayer he arose from his knees with a shining face and testified that he had been saved.

A few weeks later while his father and mother were conducting a revival meeting at Santa Rosa, California, he came forward to the altar, again of his own accord, for the experience of entire sanctification—a clean heart. He prayed through and testified that the work had been done.

Ever since that time, when the time came for family worship, he would always say: "Let *me* read a chapter."

He always took his turn to pray at family prayers—ever since he was old enough to talk. In one of his prayers of late at family worship he prayed God to "bless our home." His prayers were never dry nor formal.

He was intensely studious—even to the last. When so ill that he was unable to sit up he tried to get his lessons. In his delirium he so many times mentioned the name of his playmates—one especially, whose name is Bruce. Through all his delirium he never uttered an oath.

We laid him away in Sunset View Cemetery the day following the great storm. His restingplace overlooks the Golden Gate, where all the ocean liners come in. At four or five o'clock in the evening as the sun falls on the waters where the Bay and ocean meet it is a most beautiful sight.

We see now why he wrote as he did. His "little ship"-poem strangely corresponds with the later setting of life's sad picture. If while still living he had stood where his body now lies in the grave he could not have put it better:

THE LITTLE SHIP

There is a little ship
  That sails on yonder sea;
It floats so nicely
  Upon the beautiful sea.

And then it comes ashore,
  All people climb aboard—
The bell rings, the whistle blows,
  And off we go.

THE END

We had a hard time securing a casket for him. The undertaker said it is a rare thing to have a child die at this

age. The nurse, who had nursed for twelve years, wept like a child when he passed away. She had never been known to be so broken up. His Sunday School teacher said that his life and death had a wonderful influence upon the neighborhood children, as well as upon those older.

It was his delight to help his father pass out revival hand-bills. If at any time he had been unkind to his parents during the day, always before retiring he would ask them to forgive him. His grandmother Coats, somewhat hard of hearing, said: "I will miss him so, for he always talked loud enough so that I could hear and understand him." This obituary is written that the world may know that the grace of God changes and molds even the life of a child. This book is written that other children may also learn the blessed secret of kindness, affection, unselfishness and genuine Christian discipleship.

When the family had returned from the undertaking parlors on Thanksgiving Day, his little sister, Beryl, said confidently: "Brenton come back." When they lowered the casket in the grave, she said: "Brenton down." This was baby philosophy. Her hope in Brenton coming back was not realized. His precious body is "down" now, but it shall rise again at that great day. He shall rise again.

The public school will miss him, as will the Church and Sunday School. No one will miss him more than his parents. The vacant chair, the empty bed and his cheerful voice, now heard no more, ever remind us that he is gone. Our loss is his gain. Our hearts are broken, but we submissively bow our heads, and say: "Thy will be done!"

His going brings heaven nearer and makes Jesus the more precious. *His sun set at eight,* but the glory of that sunset will never fade from our memory. His "little ship" sailed out of the Bay of Time across sunlit seas to a fairer land than this; he has passed THROUGH THE GOLDEN GATE.

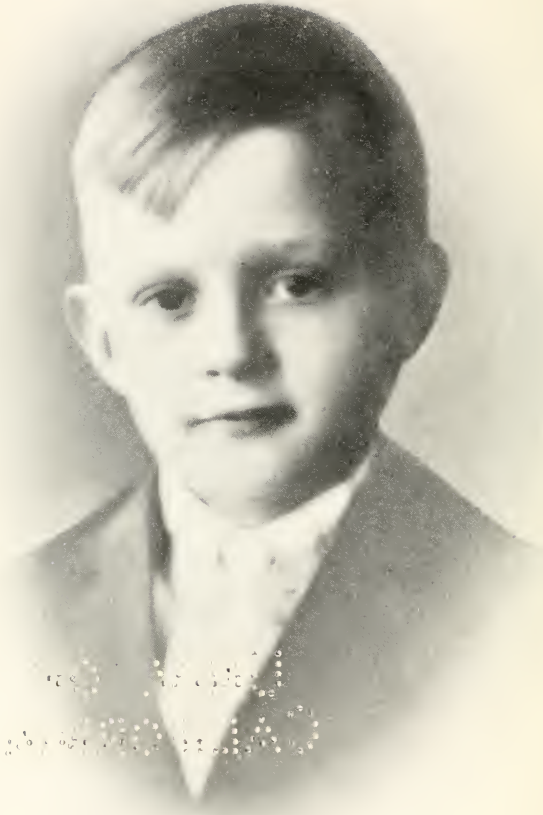
CHAPTER III

THE EMPTY CHAIR

Written by His Father.

OUR BELOVED BRENTON was born on Saturday, January 7, 1911, at New London, Indiana. This little village, of less than one hundred inhabitants, lies about ten miles west of Kokomo. It is noted as one of the "underground railroad stations" in times of slavery, where the opprest colored folk were harbored and helped, enroute to their Canadian paradise.

It was while the writer of this book was pastor at New London that Samuel, Brenton's father, knelt at the mourners' bench under heavy conviction. At eleven o'clock on a memorable Sunday night, with both hands held up to heaven in token of surrender, the mourner found mercy and pardon; found Christ in wonderful redeeming power. Two nights later he knelt at the altar the second time, this time to make a complete consecration, when again the power of God came down and sanctified him wholly. Some time later he was divinely called to preach, in which work he is still actively engaged at this writing.



Brenton S. Lehman.

A number of years later the writer of this chapter was himself pastor at New London, Indiana. Under his ministry the altar where he himself had been saved now became a Bethel to many weary of sin. In a religious sense this village is historic. The judgments of God often fell upon the place. Again and again was God's power to save remarkably evidenced. In spite of the spiritual dearth and death so prevalent in the village God called from this church a goodly number into His vineyard who are still engaged in winning souls. To God be all the glory!

At New London Brenton's little elder sister, Crystal, only two days old, and his grandfather Lehman, age 69 years, lie buried. To the Lehmans the incidents that marked the movings of God in this place will ever live in their memory. A book of unusual interest might be written dealing with the life and destiny of these villagers.

It was a cloudy day when Brenton first saw the light of this world. The sky was robed in mourning. The sun had veiled his face. In spite of cloudy skies and hidden suns, his coming brought a wealth of sunshine and joy that lingers even yet, although he has passed THROUGH THE GOLDEN GATE into the City Celestial.

Our hearts and home were warmed by his love and interesting presence for eight brief years. Today he is on the other side for ever safe from sin and suffering. We miss him so, but we look up to heaven through our rain of tears and say, Thy will be done, O God! We shall see him again, by and by.

Like Timothy's grandmother Lois, Brenton's grand-

mother Coats took much interest in him. She read to him Bible stories by the hour, or from good books and papers; of this he never wearied. We are convinced that all this had much to do to lead him early into the Kingdom.

As parents we give much credit to his Sunday School teachers. These godly women did much to lead him into paths of right.

Especial mention must be made of his first Sunday School teacher, Mrs. Joseph Francis, of Sioux City, Iowa, where we held a five-year pastorate, previous to coming to California. Although sixty-five years old, the mother of sixteen children herself, this great woman took pains to hold the attention of her scholars by reading to them and telling them Bible stories. She was much loved by them all.

Where we hold a pastorate at this writing (1920), Miss Clara Knouf, of Berkeley, California, his second Sunday School teacher, also wielded a wonderful influence over him. An exemplary Christian in every way, she spent much time in prayer. We have known her to spend hours in secret prayer for the cause and for the salvation of her scholars.

God bless these good women. Heaven will reward them in due season.

With this exceptional Christian training Brenton received, it is no wonder that he so early in life became a follower of Jesus. We are told that the Roman Catholic church insists in training her children seven years of their life. The lessons imprest upon the child's mind, Rome believes, makes it almost proof against other religions. Hav-

ing implanted her doctrines in the hearts of her children, Rome knows that "as the twig is bent the tree's inclined." And so it is. Protestantism seems to be still blind to this fact. Would that it might learn this lesson from Rome, and thus throw influences of grace around the children so that we might put to shame the religions so antagonistic to that of Jesus Christ.

A few reasons might here be given why Brenton so early became a Christian. From infancy he was taken to the church services, nor was he ever later excused from attending unless ill. He was at least at one or more Sunday services, besides the mid-week prayer meeting. Generally when the Sunday School has been dismissed the children hasten home or roam the streets while the parents listen to the sermon, or remain at home to read the Sunday newspaper. Is it any wonder that we are degenerating?

This carelessness in parents is making religion a by-word. The importance of the regular church service can not be too much stressed. We hear it said, "that "it tires the child too much to keep it in during the preaching service after having been in the Sunday School class." To meet this foolish excuse we ask, Do the children tire attending the day-school from four to six hours? How careful lest children tire all too soon in the Lord's service, and how careless in allowing them plenty of time for other things; things often harmful and sinful!

Another fact we must notice in Brenton's life is that he was always busy with pencil and paper, drawing. His was a busy life. While he loved his play and his playmates, yet

there was in him that something that wanted to excel in things worth while; things that promised usefulness in the future.

Today the pencil and drawing-pad lie on the shelf, untouched. The busy little fingers have laid down these material things to be employed with things eternal. No more shall we hear him ask, "Papa, will you please buy me a pencil and drawing-pad?" or "Mamma, where is my drawing?"

The chair where he once sat is empty now. The place at the table where he drew his aeroplane, his Indians, tepees, bows and arrows, birds and flowers, is vacant. His crudely-drawn Golden Gate, typical of that one through which he so recently passed, blurrs our vision as we remember his patient toil and earnest effort to excel. As the mist steals over the Bay so a mist steals over our eyes as we remember that he is gone. "His works do follow him."

CHAPTER IV

GONE—IN HIS "LITTLE SHIP"

Written by His Mother.

IT IS HARD to write anything about Brenton. I have been so weak since he took sick. Lately I have been able to eat better, and am growing somewhat stronger, for which I am very thankful.

When Brenton was about five years old we were attending an Assembly at Chariton, Iowa. I so well remember the Sunday night and the altar full of seekers. I was kneeling towards the front with him and noticed him crying as though his heart would break. I asked:

"Brenton, do you want to be saved?"

He answered, "Yes."

He was *so little* that I thought perhaps he did not understand, so did not urge him to go forward. From that time until he was ill with the influenza last winter (1919) he never showed the least desire to be saved.

More than once I said to my husband: "I wonder whether Brenton will ever feel touched again?" After he

had been so ill with the influenza and we were all up and able to go to church again, he said:

"Mamma, I am so glad Beryl (his little sister) did not die!"

She had been so low with the disease. I said to him: "You ought to be so thankful to Jesus for having spared us all. Brenton, I am not going to *compel* you to go to the altar; but when you feel that you ought to go you must go and be saved."

I think it was the next Sunday night, after husband had preached and was giving the altar-call, when I saw that he wanted to go forward. He sat by my side. I asked him whether he wanted to go, and he murmured, "Yes," and just then walked out alone.

After that he was different. One morning before he went to school, I found him on his knees praying, but he was timid and would not testify. He seemed to lose the peace out of his heart.

One Sunday afternoon, not two months ago, I read to him the story of "Mabel Ashton's Dream." It touched him, I could see. I said: "Brenton, you know you never testify. If we keep Jesus in our hearts we must never be ashamed of Him," and talked to him along this line for quite a while.

That night after husband had preached and was giving the altar-call, I did not think of him going forward when he walked to the end of the pew; I thought he was going after Beryl, who had been playing there; but, no; I can hear him yet as he walked out to the altar.

It seems that there had been a battle in his mind whether he should go forward or not, and when he had settled it, he fairly rushed to the altar. He prayed so hard. How brightly he testified after he had prayed through, and had such complete victory.

Soon after this we went to Santa Rosa, California, in a meeting with my sister and her husband, Rev. and Mrs. Lewis Fear. I shall never forget one Sunday afternoon, when he testified so earnestly. His face fairly shone with the glory of God.

I had begun to think that he would be a preacher. We had laid so many plans for and about him; now they are all gone. No one in the world knows how I wanted to see my boy grow to young manhood. I thought it would be wonderful to have a son—a young man.

He was growing so—especially since we came to California—and was almost as tall as I am. He liked to tell me that he was "most as big as mamma." Just lately he said, teasingly: "My little bits-a-mamma!"

I never felt afraid to go anywhere if only I had him with me. He always seemed to know the way; you could not lose him. He, his little sister Beryl and I went from Berkeley to San Francisco alone when we had been there but once with husband. I went to church at Oakland alone with him after night where husband had preceded us and changed cars with no trouble at all. I never felt afraid when he was by my side.

Last summer his grandmother Coats and he went to Santa Rosa and staid a week. When coming home she said

to him: "Brenton, I am putting myself entirely in your care!" After they arrived at Berkeley he knew exactly where to get off. He always seemed to know the way.

Oh, how we miss him! Every day it seems I miss him more. We live just across the street from the public school building where he attended. It seems he ought to be there now, where I could watch him at play as I used to do. At noon it seems I *must* hear his steps on the porch coming for his luncheon—*but we shall hear his footsteps never more.*

How he loved California; but he did not get to enjoy it long. He never tired of the ocean, the ships and ocean liners. Instead of speaking of large ocean liners in his poem, it was "a little ship." On this he sailed away to the foreign strand, to the happy land.

In Sioux City, Iowa, he often went out to gather wild-flowers. Sometimes these were nothing but weeds or dandelion blossoms; but he loved them all. He always brought them in to me to put them in water for him.

Here in California where flowers grow the year 'round; where beautiful calla lilies and roses bloom all winter in our yard, he fairly reveled in their beauty. But he was not permitted to enjoy them long. He is now in the land where flowers grow more wonderful than here; where perfumes more delicate by far than found in earthly flowers, delight and satisfy his refined nature.

His birthday came in January. This month is so cold in the middle west. The last winter we were in Iowa, he said: "Mamma, I wish you could make my birthday come

when the weather is nice." This winter when "the weather was nice" and we were away from the snows and storms, and in the Land of Roses, he was not with us. We had borne him to Sunset View Cemetery before his birthday came and laid him in his little grave on the hillside. There his precious mortality sleeps until the waking. From snow-blown birthdays and rose-famed California he has gone to the Isles of Glory where Flowers of Beulah bloom for ever.

To draw was his delight. I know he was never in the house five minutes until he had his paper and pencil. After he took ill husband purchased for him a new drawing tablet. He never used it, for he sailed away in his "little ship" soon thereafter. The "Golden Gate of 'Frisco Bay" which he so crudely drew was, it seems, premonitory of his entrance THROUGH THE GOLDEN GATE into the love-locked Bays of Beulahland.

I know that others have gone through sorrow as deep as ours. At a time like this it is good to know Jesus. Oh, I will live closer to Him! I am determined that nothing shall separate me from His love. Some day I shall see my boy again and have him with me for ever. May the eight brief years he spent on earth with us leave an influence for good and for God upon other children and lead them safely home through the gates into the City Eternal.

CHAPTER V

OUR SUNSET VIEW

Written by His Father.

THE WORDS OF Job are true when he says that "my days are swifter than a weaver's shuttle, and are spent without hope." James puts it, "What is your life? It is even a vapour, that appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away."

It is just six months ago today that our beloved son, Brenton, slipped away to be with Jesus. How swiftly the years have gone by since he first brought sunshine into our Indiana home. Often have we heard him say, during his eight years' stay with us, what he wanted to do when grown to manhood. We had anticipated for him a great future. We had hoped to see the day when we could go to him for counsel and instruction, but our hopes have not been realized in this direction—since he went away.

The apostle James speaks of vapor, or dew. Dew disappears in a short time, but it leaves freshness and fruitfulness in the passing. It was so in Brenton's coming and

going. He passed away early in life, but left upon our hearts a freshness and tenderness nothing else could have wrought.

It is said that dew wards off chill and frost. Brenton was welcomed into our home. His warm, refreshing presence awoke in our hearts a love for children that we otherwise might not have had. A little boy attended Mr. Moody's Sunday School. He was asked why he did not attend a Sunday School nearer his home. He replied, "O, they love a fellow here!" He was won by love.

James reminds us that we do not know just when the dew may rise from the earth. "Whereas ye know not what shall be on the morrow." He here hints at the uncertainty of life. Few make any preparation for death. The majority are interested only in having a good time and act as though they were to live here for ever. It is business or pleasure first; to prepare for death is only an occasional, uneasy afterthought. Because of the uncertainty of life we should prepare for death.

"O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, thou that killest the prophets, and stonest them which are sent unto thee, how often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not. Behold, your house is left unto you desolate." Matt. 23:37, 38. The Sunday night we preached from this text Brenton led the way to the altar, with three following him. He heeded the admonition to prepare to meet God. Today he enjoys the rewards of having yielded to the wooings of the Spirit. He is now in the spirit land.

"There the wicked cease from troubling; and there the weary are at rest."

Ever since the night when Brenton yielded to God our hearts have been touched when children about his age have come to the altar of prayer to be saved. Strange as it may seem, yet true, too few Christian workers pay proper attention to children seeking salvation. "He that winneth souls is wise," saith the Proverbs preacher. Upon this subject Jesus himself discourses, with a hint to the wise: "Suffer little children, and forbid them not, to come unto me: for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

For example, if a child ten years old is saved, and lives to the ripe old age of seventy years, that would mean sixty years of service for the Lord. On the other hand, should this child live in sin until sixty years old and then be saved—and this is seldom seen—and live out the three score years and ten, the Lord would get only ten years of feeble service. Sixty of life's best years spent in sin and only ten years, with enfeebled mentality and palsied powers, spent for God. Sixty years grinding in the mills of sin and only ten years laid at the feet of a merciful Christ. O, children, give Jesus your heart early in life! Jesus pleads now, Son, daughter, give Me thine heart!

It is easy to see in which case the most good may be done. The wise man said, "Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth, while the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh, when thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them." Eccl. 12:1. Why wait until the pleasures of life have grown bitter under your tongue and then cast

COMPANIONS TWO

your sin-wrecked soul at the feet of a long insulted Christ? Merciful indeed is God when He takes your wasted life and even yet, after all your sixty years of stubborn resistance, washes and cleanses your heart and fits you for heaven. Beware, lest you trifle just a bit too long, and the Spirit leaves you to return no more. You may trifle just one hour too long, and that would mean a hopeless present and a remorseful hereafter.

Children, let us notice a few reasons *why* you should give your heart to Christ. First, habits are formed early in life—from early childhood to the age of twenty. Second, because the heart in youth is tender and susceptible to good. When older, if evil runs riot, the heart is hard and unyielding. Third, it means better health and a long life, generally, according to promise. Fourth, because of the power of influence. "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." Wield an influence that tells for God.

"Sow an act, and you will reap a habit. Sow a habit, and you will reap a character. Sow a character, and you will reap a destiny." Let us take care of the sowing, and then God will take care of the reaping. It is certain that we shall reap more than we have sown, and of the same kind of seed.

There may be a long time between the sowing and the reaping; but the reaping time is sure to come. "He that soweth to the flesh shall of the flesh reap corruption." If you "sow to the wind" and shall "reap the whirlwind." "He that soweth to the Spirit shall of the Spirit reap life everlasting." Let us be careful what kind of seed we sow.

Sow disobedience, and you will reap a dissolute, profligate character. This leads to prison, to disgrace, to sentence, to the gallows, to death, to hell. Sow discord, and you will reap a harvest of discord by and by. As you have sown, so shall you reap. The seed that falls from your careless hand finds soil somewhere, and grows. While sowing, you dance to the lute, but when the harvest comes there will be neither mirth nor music. Instead there will be the wail of woe and the cry of bitterest anguish. Children, see to your sowing!

Death does not end your influence here. If it did, then the wicked who die might have at least one gleam of comfort in this that their evil influence had ended. But, not so; the influence they set in motion by a wild sowing will go on until time shall be no more. If influence ended at death, Christians might mourn in that the good they had done in other years was now dead. No, we may rejoice that our influence for good will go on as long as time shall last.

Influence never dies. The ripple, caused by a pebble dropped in that limpid pool, goes on until it strikes the shore, no matter how far that shore may be away. Our influence goes on until it reaches the farthermost shores of eternity. Influence will follow us to the Judgment. Shall it be for evil? or, shall it be for good?

CHAPTER VI

"WHEN THE BELL RINGS"

Written by His Father.

SINCE BRENTON SAILED away on his "little ship" we have visited Sunset View Cemetery a number of times. While standing by his grave we remembered, with a dull ache in the heart, the romps and plays we had had together. Memory brought back the days when we had thrown toil aside for a bit to go fishing, picnicking, or to the beach.

It seemed we could again hear him say, as we walked along the street, just like any wide-awake boy exclaims as he sees this or that on display in the windows: "Papa, buy me a phonograph!" It might be a cap, an overcoat, new shoes, a sled, a jack-knife, a bicycle, a watch, a bright-colored kite, a pen, roller skates, or a dog. Again, it might be he wanted to take lessons in cartooning, for drawing was his delight.

Of course, all these impulsive requests could not be granted; but how we missed the constant prattle, requests, and questions. We remembered the time when he had the whooping-cough; when he passed through the distempers

incident to a child's life, and how we watched over him when in the throes of fever. Almost forgotten incidents trooped by on Memory's faithful steeds—until his whole short life was re-lived on that hilltop.

Memory, children, will never die. At the Judgment things almost forgotten will come rushing back along the lanes of memory. Neglected or rejected opportunities will there multiply our remorse, should we be found with the sinner. How glad we will be to remember there that we walked in the white light of God all along the way. What joy will be ours when we remember that we sowed good seed while on earth, and that now we will reap the harvests of ever-changing delights throughout eternity.

Standing there by the graveside we remembered that our Brenton had quite early learned obedience. This was a great comfort. Later he had, through Jesus, learned the better way of obedience. We remembered the time of his bright conversion and clear-cut sanctification; his ringing testimonies to full salvation—and then his victorious home-going. Early in life he learned obedience to his parents and to his God. Man's crowning sin is disobedience. For this he must give an account at the Judgment. His only safety lies in obedience to God. This alone will bring him a harvest of eternal glory.

With a last look upon Brenton's grave we left the hillside for the valley below. We shall never forget the clear, blue sky, the gleam of the afternoon sun on the sea-green Bay, the Golden Gate in the offing, the ships riding at anchor near the Mole, and the white, wheeling sea-gulls

overhead. The rows of tombstones reminded us that we stood in the City of the Dead. Here lay the dust of our Brenton, wrapped about with the shroud of silence. With reluctant feet we left the sacred spot. Memory spoke, and said: "He is not here. He walks on the silver sands of another sea. Some day you shall see him again. His slumbering dust shall rise in that soon by and by to be clothed in shining robes of immortality."

Farewell, beloved of our hearts! The ache in our breast is heavy, and the sob of sorrow will not be still. The crape still flutters from the door-knocker here, and we miss him more than ever now. We will never be satisfied until we exchange the empty parsonage for a mansion. In the home of the soul there will be no missing ones. There we may lay the cover for every member of the family every day in eternity. No shadow shall cross our threshold there. The fluttering crape on our door-knob here will be forgotten in the joy that we have each other there.

Faith sees through the falling tears, beyond the tumult of time, into the City where he walks hand in hand with "sister Crystal" and heaven's choicest society. Beloved, thou art safe at last! Temptation, sickness, pain, sorrow, death, the open grave, the falling clod, the patted mound —all, all these you have left for ever behind. The "little ship" that bore you from our arms will soon round the Golden Horn of time and anchor in the offing of Hope just long enough for us to climb aboard. When the "bell rings" and the "whistle blows" we will be "off" to climes immortal and fair.

CHAPTER VII

THAT WONDERFUL MORNING

In grave Number 46 in Sunset View Cemetery overlooking the Bay and Golden Gate lies all that is mortal of Brenton Samuel Lehman. The flowers that lay on his grave have faded. His mortality is crumbling to dust. Humanity weeps at the graveside, remembering only the once animated clay; but Hope turns its eyes toward a better day—to the Day when his mortality shall rise clothed in glory.

We turn away from the bed of fever and pain, from the delirium and the tossings, the sweat-beaded forehead, the stiffening limbs, the folded hands, the crape and flowers and funeral obsequies. We close our ears to the muffled fall of clods, the stifled sob and the moan of pain. We turn our back upon the graveyard on the hill with its sleeping dead to the waters of the west, toward the Golden Gate, toward the Golden Era, to Golden Dreams to be fulfilled at last.

We try to forget the "Great Storm" that swept the

Bay on that Thanksgiving day, when Brenton was in the passing. We try to forget the undertaker's parlors, the funeral train, the floral tributes, the heavy sorrow, the empty chair, the unprest pillow, the emptiness and loneliness all around, and turn our eyes toward that Morning when grave Number 46 shall yield its precious treasure—when Brenton Samuel Lehman shall rise from his dusty bed—his mortality clothed in white and wonderful glory. He shall rise again.

We do not forget that on that Wonderful Morning we shall meet him whom we so lately lost. Then and there shall forever pass away the last heartache and sorrow earth has known. With a last look upon things transitory—upon the grave where he lay—we shall cross the Bays of space to worlds wonderful and fair. That Morning is coming.

The crunch of the grave-digger's spade shall never be heard in heaven. No flower-grown sod will there be turned, under which our loved ones are laid. We brush away our tears and look up with tip-toe expectancy to the soon-parting clouds, waiting for the ready-call to the Marriage Supper of the Lamb. At this table there will be no vacant chair. Brenton (and Crystal) will be there, seated by our side as of old and, oh!—what a glad family reunion that will be!

So we turn away in sorrow from the grave upon the hill, bowing low before the Master and submitting to His will. Empty is the chair beside us, and his pillow lies unprest; lowly lies his precious body, but his spirit is at rest. Sailed he o'er the seas uncharted in his "little ship" away

to the Homeland of the Blessed—left us weeping on the Bay. Faded are the lilies lying on the little yellow mound; but his dust on that fair morning shall come springing from the ground. Why his sun has set so early we do now not understand; but what God has done is better than we ever could have planned. Just a few more golden sunsets flashing o'er life's busy Bay, when the "little ship" will take us to the Land of Far Away. We shall safely make the Harbor—be it morn or ev'ning late. There our "ships" shall ride at anchor—just inside the Golden Gate.

SUNSET

His sun set at eight—
  With the dew on the rose;
He has passed thro' the Gate
  To his final repose.

The wind whispers so
  O'er his grave on the hill,
Where the liners loom low
  Thro' the murk and the chill.

His "ship" sailed away
  To that far-away strand;
Thro' the mist and the spray
  To that Beautiful Land.

Our woe was his weal—
  As he put out to sea,
With the foam at his keel
  And the wind in his lee.

The off-shore winds sigh
  Since his "ship" sailed away
Where the wild sea-gulls cry
  O'er the ship-empty Bay.

The bright silver moon
  Bathes his grave in her gleams,
While the Bay-waters croon
  Their late lullaby dreams.

We watch and we wait
  On the mist-heavy Mole,
Since he passed thro' the Gate
  To the Home of the Soul.

Across the wide foam
  In the soon by and by
We shall set sail for Home
  Where they nevermore die.

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